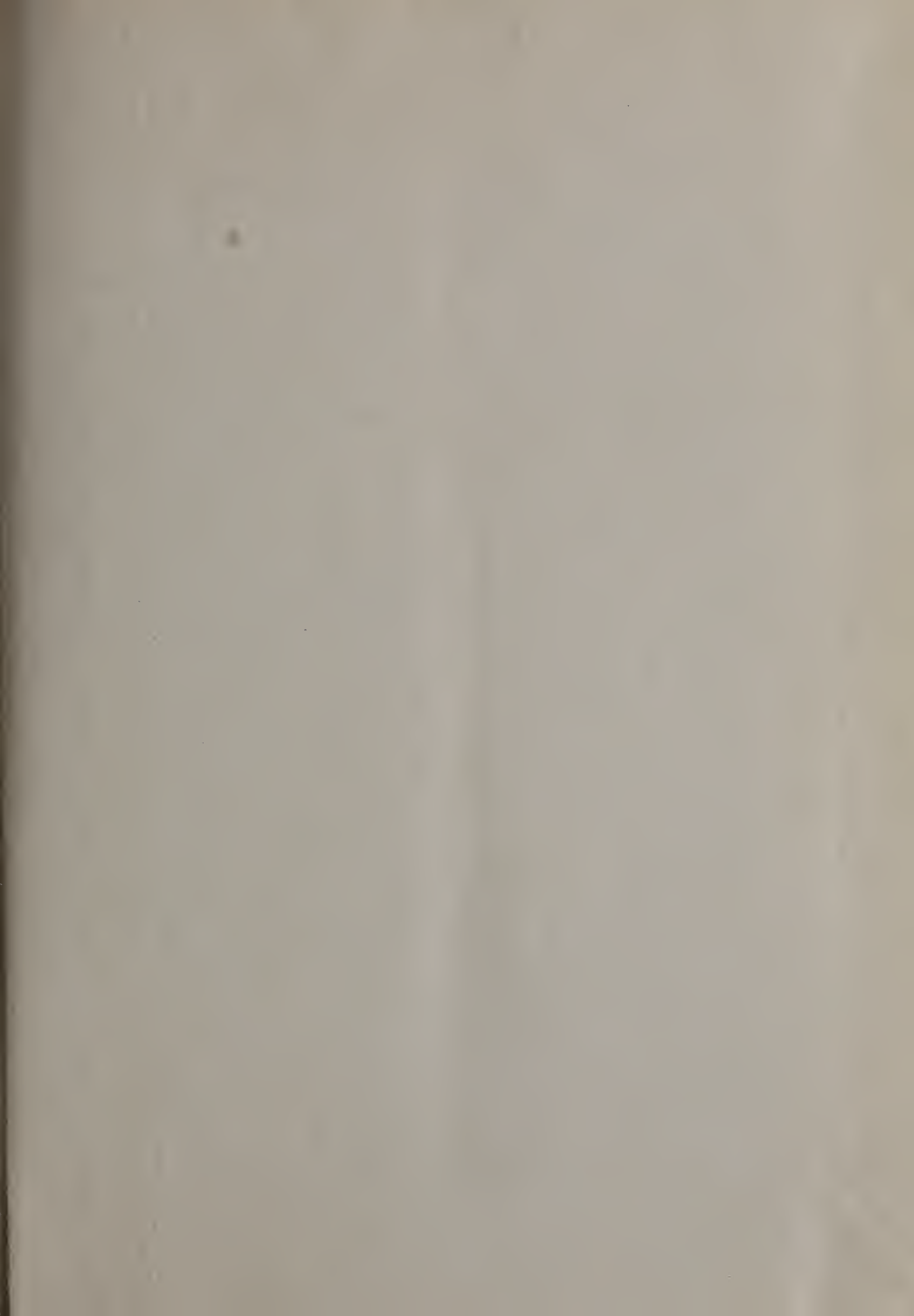


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Life and Light

Vol. XLV.

September, 1915

No. 9

Little by little during the weeks past, from various sources, quite apart from missionary information, news has been given out in the secular papers of the almost unbelievable conditions obtaining among the Christians of Turkey,—that sad, stricken Armenian race which has suffered so many times and in so many ways at the hands of its rulers. All the way from Van through Eastern and Central Turkey and away south the long procession of helpless sufferers trails, weak, weary and destitute; families separated, women and children deported, men haled to the army, but denied the privilege of fighting, property seized and innocent subjects brutally punished on the slightest pretext,—a catalogue of horrors which the pen revolts from writing. And there seems little cause to doubt that all this is a desperate, intentional effort to blot out the Armenian people. In Van the uprising of the Armenian revolutionists which culminated in the Russian occupation of the city was made the occasion of sickening “punishment” meted out to unoffending villages, and the same state of affairs, according to trustworthy reports of travelers, outside the American Board Missions, seems to have prevailed in many quarters. According to one writer nearly 28,000 people have been removed by order of the government from the districts of Zeitun and Marash to distant places and to distinctly non-Christian communities. Soldiers and freed prisoners have been allowed to wreak their cruellest passions on defenseless women and little children, and there has seemed no power able and willing to stay the tide of blood and lust. In the midst of all the darkness the missionaries have been unmolested and have been treated with courtesy and even kindness. At Van during the siege of one month 10,000 people were sheltered in the mission premises, and as the compound lies with the Armenian district the occupants were within the range of the shooting, but all but one—an Armenian child—escaped death almost as by a miracle. Dr. Ussher, the only physician in the city, did the work of three men. When the exposure and privation brought on an epidemic of disease among the refugees flying from the villages, the teachers in the girls’ school did yeoman service as nurses, and finally Mrs. Ussher and Miss Rogers opened

Acquainted
with Grief.

an overflow hospital in a schoolhouse. Miss MacLaren volunteered to serve as a nurse in the Turkish hospital and, with Schwester Martha from the orphanage, was for a time cut off from all communication with missionary friends and finally sent to Bitlis with the wounded soldiers where they are reported as safe and well. When the arrival of the Russian forces finally put the Turks to flight, after four weeks of terrible suspense and anxiety, there were 1,000 Turkish women and children in the Van compound to care for, brought thither by the Armenian soldiers as the only safe place for them,—this in addition to the thousands already dependent upon the slender stores of provisions which the missionaries could command. Wonderful stories will be told some day of the heroism and versatility of the American missionaries in meeting with cheer and staunch courage such awful conditions. Meantime should not American Christians at home ask what is their share in lightening the burdens of these men and women, isolated and undaunted, though their hearts are wrung at the suffering they must see still unalleviated? Money will help, yes, and prayer to the “Jehovah of battles” must help, though we cry like the people of God of old, “How long, O Lord, how long, wilt thou suffer it; wilt thou not still the enemy and the avenger?”

Since the above paragraph was written and just as this magazine goes to press the following telegram is received by the American Board from

Secretary of State Lansing:—

Our Van
Missionaries.

“American Consul at Tiflis in undated telegram received August 14 requests department notify you as follows, ‘All Americans of Van Mission, excepting Mrs. Ussher who died there, fifteen altogether, arrived Tiflis yesterday without funds or clothing. Ussher dangerously ill. Mrs. Reynolds fractured leg, others convalescent but broken down with work and hardships.’ The members of this suffering little band are probably in addition to Dr. Ussher and his three little motherless children, and Mrs. Reynolds, Rev. and Mrs. Ernest Yarrow and four children, Miss E. Gertrude Rogers, Miss Grace H. Knapp, Miss Elizabeth Ussher, Dr. Ussher’s sister, and Miss S. M. L. Bond, an English lady who is superintendent of nurses at the hospital. News has also been received of the death at Bitlis of Miss Charlotte E. Ely, July 11.’”

Among the forty or more Americans from Turkey who landed in New York, July 26, coming *via* Beirut and Greece, were a number of our own missionary ladies,—Miss Mattoon of Harpoot, Miss Uline of Bitlis, Miss Mary I. Ward of Marsovan, and Miss Darrow returning after four

years in the same station. Mrs. Stanley Emrich of Mardin, who has spent the winter in Beirut, came also with her three children, Mr. Emrich having gone to assist in relief work in Urfa. Other missionaries, or children of missionaries, were Dr. and Mrs. MacNaughton and their daughter Janet from Bardezag, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard and two little sons from Bitlis, Mrs. Edward St. John Ward and four children from Beirut, Mr. Nilson and Agnes Christie from Tarsus, Dorothea Chambers from Adana, and also Miss Fanny Noyes, the nurse who has been assisting Dr. Marden at the hospital at Marsovan. Miss Ainslie of Marash (W. B. M. I.) is coming *via* Japan. Several of the party came at once to Boston, and it was a memorable prayer service held in the American Board Rooms July 31, led by Dr. MacNaughton. Miss Caroline Silliman of Van, accompanied by Neville Ussher, son of Dr. and Mrs. Ussher, arrived in New York July 30, sailing from Archangel, Russia, which port she said seemed a long way from Van though they reached it without difficulty. Dr. and Mrs. Robert N. Chambers of Bardizag are due to arrive in this country in a few days, probably Miss Adelaide S. Dwight and Dorothy Wingate of Talas are with them. Dr. and Mrs. Macallum of Constantinople and Dr. and Mrs. Floyd O. Smith and baby from Diarbekir are safely out of Turkey and *en route* to Switzerland.

Miss Elsie M. Garretson of Foochow, who spent some weeks in Japan on her way home, arrived in the United States on the Manchuria July 20. She attended the annual meeting of the Japan Mission at Arima and visited friends in Okayama. Miss Garretson spends some weeks with friends in Forest Grove, Ore., before coming East.

Dr. George A. Raynolds sailed July 29 from New York, attempting the return to his home in Van by a long, circuitous route *via* Norway, Petrograd, Baku and Tiflis,—which latter place he said “would seem very near home.” Mr. Henry H. White, a graduate of Amherst Agricultural College, 1915, goes with him to teach in Van College, and his anticipated companionship “made all the difference in the world” to the veteran doctor, doubly eager to rejoin his associates after their recent experiences. Their arrival in Christiania is reported.

A party plans to sail August 26 from New York *en route* for the Balkan Mission and Central Turkey. It includes Rev. and Mrs. L. F. Ostrander and Miss Edith L. Douglass returning to Samokov, and Miss Matthews, principal of the girls' school in Bitolia, going back after two years' furlough.

Welcome
Arrivals.

Recent
Sailings.

In this company are Dr. Mark H. Ward and his wife, a trained nurse, who hope finally to relieve Dr. Shepard at Aintab, but are at present to study Turkish in Egypt.

A little group set forth for West Africa August 15,—Dr. Hollenbeck of Kamundonga and Mrs. Marion M. Webster of Bailundo, returning to their work, and Mr. Chapin, newly appointed for industrial work at Kamundonga, with the sturdy printer, Mr. James Hunter, who with his staunch little wife, goes as he says, “to set type and bind books for the glory of God.”

Earlier in the summer two young women in whom the Woman's Board is especially interested sailed from the Pacific Coast, Miss Adelaide Fairbank, Mount Holyoke, 1915, going for one year to India, the land of her birth, where she will teach in the Ahmednagar Girls' School, relieving Miss Gates while Miss Bruce is in this country, and Miss Alice Cary, Wellesley, 1915, to Japan, where she will teach in Kobe College after a few weeks spent with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. Otis Cary. Mrs. Mary P. Ament and Miss Mead sailed August 7 from San Francisco, returning to Peking, and a large party of missionaries from the different Boards are booked for passage on the Mongolia, August 25, from San Francisco. Among the Congregationalists are Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Newell, returning to Japan, Miss Elizabeth Nash of Harrington, Maine, a cousin of Miss Perkins, who is to teach for two years in the Foochow Girls' School, Dr. Amy E. Metcalf, sent out by the W. B. M. I. for the Woman's Medical College in Peking, under the support of the Rockefeller Foundation; also three young women for North China and Shansi, under the W. B. M. I.,—Miss Jessie Horn, Miss Alzina Munzer and Miss Adella L. Tenney; also (W. B. M. I.) Miss Elizabeth Waddell for Foochow. Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Christofersen, who hope to sail from New York September 10, will take with them Miss Dorothea Kielland of Buffalo, appointed to Inanda Seminary.

More and more is this subject of preparing wholesome and popular reading for the converts in our mission fields coming to the attention of the Boards. A conference held in New York in April

Concerning

Christian Literature.

resulted in the appointment of a committee whose findings will be brought to the attention of the Foreign Missions Boards at Garden City in January. The report of the Commission on Christian Literature, one of the committees of the Continuation Committee appointed at Edinburgh in 1910, prepared by the chairman of

the Commission, Dr. J. M. Ritson of London, is soon to be issued. This report will be of the greatest possible value in forwarding the plans now in the making,—though unhappily much hampered by the war,—for a great, systematic and adequate financing on the part of the Boards of the department of Christian publications on the mission field, in which for so many years many scholarly and far-sighted missionaries, both men and women, have interested themselves.

At Northfield at the Summer School Miss White's plea for books and magazines for Chinese women and children met with a gratifying response, and over three hundred dollars was contributed or pledged upon the little red cards furnished by the Woman's Committee.

Happy Childhood is going joyously upon its way. Mrs. MacGillivray, its devoted editor, says in a recent letter:—

“I know you will be delighted to hear that so far the magazine has met a very warm welcome from all parts of China. I feel sometimes as though I ought not to keep all the nice things I hear about it to myself, as it would both interest and encourage those who are holding the ropes at home. For instance there is a mission to rickshaw coolies in this city. The founder and director is a business man, and they take in forty copies per month and say they have never had anything that has helped them so much. Last week Mrs. Fryer, in charge of the mission for the blind in Shanghai, told me that their Chinese teacher reads the paper to the blind boys, and that they are intensely interested. Miss Bonnell of the Door of Hope says the girls have never had anything to read in which they have taken such interest as this magazine. I also have had letters of appreciation from Manchuria, Shantung, Foochow, Canton, and many other places. General Chang in Peking of the Chinese army subscribes for eleven copies, ten of which he sends to an orphanage and one for his own family. In writing he said, ‘This paper is truly a light for the children of China.’ The children's competition page is also a great success. Children from all over China are sending in answers, and this month we sent little prizes to Foochow, Shantung, Manchuria, Kiangsi, and one in Shanghai. The subscription list now stands at over sixteen hundred, and we will hope for an increase in the autumn. Just last week an order came from Chinese in Burma for ten copies. We hope for some from America.”

The *Federation Bulletin*, published by the Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions, is now a quarterly and is always full of current news which every woman interested in missions should have. Price for the four numbers, twenty-five cents. Order from Miss Hartshorn. With December, 1915, *Everyland* will become a monthly, and its publishers, the Missionary Education

Some Publication
Notices.

Movement, promise that it will maintain the high standard which has made it the most popular missionary magazine for boys and girls published in this country. All fifty cent subscriptions now received will be credited to six numbers, from September, 1915, to April, 1916. One dollar will pay for twelve numbers, beginning with the September number, which will contain sixty-four pages. After that the magazine will contain thirty-two pages. Send subscriptions to Miss Ada R. Hartshorn.

The Prize Peace Story, *The Iron Cross*, by James Church Alvord, has been published as an attractive pamphlet at ten cents a copy, and may be ordered from M. H. Leavis, West Medford, or from the Boards.

Please see third page of cover for announcement concerning the popular little *Here and There Stories*. From January, 1916, the Woman's Home Missionary Federation will co-operate with the **Here and There Stories.** Woman's Board in the publication of these stories and two leaflets will be issued and mailed together each month, one containing a homeland and one a foreign story. All the stories will have the same general appearance as in the past and the aim of the series will remain exactly the same; namely, to arouse missionary interest in children of the eight to twelve year age through the medium of the story.

The Conference of the Missionary Education Movement held at Ocean Park, Maine, July 22-30, gathered delegates from various sections of New England to the number of one hundred and ninety-four, besides thirteen who were irregular in attendance. **Ocean Park Conference.** This was more than double the numbers that registered last year, and is an indication of the painstaking efforts which the territorial committee, headed by the Rev. Asa M. Parker, put forth in working up the delegation and making known the ideals of the conference. Silver Bay ideals are better known to most of us. Ocean Park is becoming a New England Silver Bay, more easily reached by Maine, New Hampshire, Eastern Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island delegates, and correspondingly less expensive. The Missionary Education Movement has definitely assumed all its management this year for the first time, and two leaders in that organization were present to guide affairs and direct some of the class work—Dr. Meyers and Mr. Diffendorfer. A dozen other leaders made up the "Faculty." Various denominations were represented, Congregationalists ranking second in numbers to the Baptists.

The motto for all class work was: The Church and the Nations, and the slogan, Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done.

Mornings were filled with devotional periods and classes for all sorts of groups of young and older people—those who wanted to know better how to help make a missionary church, through the Sunday school, the Endeavor Society, the Woman's Missionary Society, by study classes, by social service. Afternoons refreshed all who gave themselves earnestly to the morning duties as opportunity for recreation of many kinds abounded, including bathing and beach sports, class stunts and baseball.

There is a distinct and definite relation between this conference and the work of the Woman's Board. The keynote of missionary education in the local church is a note we are sounding. Every department of church life, if represented by a delegate, may receive a fresh infusion of missionary oxygen. This is the time now to work up house parties for next summer's conference. There were sixteen this year, most of them young people chaperoned by some older person. Housekeeping is easy and cheap. The returns for young life are deep and far-reaching. Many catch here their first vision of a church alive and alert for Christ's Kingdom. New methods make their appeal, scientific avenues of approach to difficult problems are suggested, spiritual life is warmed and vivified and calls to definite service reach some seeking hearts. A class on woman's missionary work was a new feature this year and was led by Mrs. Daniels.

M. L. D.

What is the use of the Christian Women's Peace Movement? Is there anything practical about it? Practical? Yes, it is practical because it goes to the root of the matter. There can be no lasting peace until the hearts of men are changed and the spirit of brotherhood prevail. And to this end there is no more practical force available than intercessory prayer when it is rightly undertaken. . . . How can the individual woman help? First and last and always she can pray. Second, she can bring to bear on the problem an intelligent heart, which is not quite the same as an intelligent mind, and seek to learn the real meaning of brotherhood as Christ taught it, and its practical application to everyday life. Third, she can use an intelligent mind to its utmost capacity on the difficult problem of making peace as attractive to the imagination of young people as its promoters have made war beautiful and glorious.—*Elizabeth Northup*, in *Federation Bulletin*.

We clip this well-deserved tribute from the *Japan Mission News*: "At the mission meeting at Arima, Miss H. Frances Parmelee was awarded the palm for the most interesting and brightest report when all mission committees were heard from. She reported for the Committee on the Factory Girls' Home. In dyeing the cotton cloth made by the girls, certain dyes made in Germany have been used. The war soon shut out the supply, and temporarily dyers were in difficulty, until a substitute was found. Miss Parmelee reported that the Home had been in danger of dying from lack of dyeing; because they could not dye they came near dying."

Also the following:—

"A few weeks ago Mr. S. Omoto, Superintendent of the Factory Girls' Home at Matsuyama, received a very gratifying testimonial. The work of the Home is weaving a cotton fabric, which is dyed with various minute markings, giving rise to the name of the goods, *kasuri*, with the addition of the province where the manufacture is conducted, like *Iyo-kasuri*, in this case. The cloth is used for clothing. In the story *Shiobara Tasuke*, we find a reference to it: *Komakai kasuri no hitoe mono*, an unlined cotton garment of a small *kasuri* pattern. The Provincial Weavers' Guild, consists of about two thousand employees. To seven of these the Guild recently presented silver cups, with a statement that the cup was a testimonial of excellence in *kasuri* manufacture."

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD

RECEIPTS JULY 1-31, 1915

	For Regular Work			For Buildings	For Special Objects	From Legacies	TOTAL
	Branches	Other Sources	TOTAL				
1914....	\$4,464.87	\$1,211.00	\$5,675.87	\$2,066.90	\$29.00	\$1,441.04	\$9,212.81
1915....	6,284.90	880.00	7,164.90	688.08	20.00	1,250.00	9,122.98
Gain....	\$1,820.03		\$1,489.03				
Loss....		\$331.00		\$1,378.82	\$9.00	\$191.04	\$89.83

OCTOBER 18, 1914-JULY 31, 1915

1914....	\$89,089.95	\$5,050.99	\$94,140.94	\$37,703.47	\$1,958.91	\$32,423.64	\$166,226.96
1915....	89,650.52	11,867.49	101,518.01	31,126.55	2,084.33	16,100.65	150,829.54
Gain....	\$560.57	\$6,816.50	\$7,377.07		\$125.42		
Loss....				\$6,576.92		\$16,322.99	\$15,397.42



On the Way to the Pageant

The Summer School at Northfield

July 8-15

THE building of the King's Highway—a road that shall be called the Way of Holiness and shall one day encircle the globe—this was the underlying thought all through the week of July 8-15, when the Summer School for Women's Foreign Missionary Societies was in session at Northfield. There were present some who have helped to lay foundations, some who are toiling along in strange lands under the heat and burden of the day, making the road smoother for the next comers, and some who live at the end of the unfinished highway with only a faint trail ahead as yet. And there were hundreds who are helping to furnish building materials and to cheer on the builders as they toil.

To all these it was an inspiration to study Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery's book, *The King's Highway*, the outcome of a journey through the missionary centers of the Far East. Practically every one, from white-haired grandmothers to schoolgirls in their teens, attended her morning lecture and responded to the stimulus of her charming personality, her enthusiasm over what is being accomplished, and her vision of great achievements in the future through the help of American women. It is safe to say that her morning audience never numbered less than a thousand.

The exact registration this season was 915, of which Congregationalists had the largest denominational enrollment—252. Of this

number 120 were girls and young women belonging to Aloha Camp, which was the largest of the five camps, although Salaam, the Baptist camp, with 114 girls, was almost as large. Miss Elizabeth F. Pullen, of Norwich, Conn., was in charge of our camp. Aloha was favored in having among its tent-dwellers Miss Gertrude Chandler of Madura, the missionary supported by the young women of Suffolk Branch, and a member of the Northfield "faculty," Miss Mary Ely, whose Bible class on "The Manhood of the Master" was very popular.

Space fails us to enumerate all the Bible classes and mission study "electives" which the program offered. To choose two or three among the eleven was not an easy task. The senior Bible class was conducted by Rev. C. R. Erdman, D.D., of Princeton Theological Seminary, who called his subject, "On the King's Highway with St. Paul." Those who specially desired help as to methods were divided into three groups. While the older women met in the auditorium with Mrs. C. H. Burnham as leader, the young women had lively discussions in a smaller room, and leaders of children found their need met in the class conducted by Miss Nellie G. Prescott. Charts were very much in evidence this year for the auditorium was hung with them and talks on chart-making were eagerly received.

Busy mornings were supposed to be followed by afternoons "given up to rest and recreation," according to the circulars. We discovered this did not mean idleness, for there was always something going on. A missionaries' reception, a conference for camp-fire leaders, story-telling for children, a peace meeting, denominational rallies and an outdoor pageant representing "The Spirit of Northfield,"—these were a few of the attractions which prevented the afternoons from being leisurely. And then came Round Top and the evening meeting with missionary addresses, which were too good to miss. At our Congregational rally the brief program was full of interest and variety. Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Woodside from West Central Africa and Miss Chandler from India were the missionaries. Three student volunteers, who, in just a few sentences spoke of their hopes and joys, made a deep impression. They were Misses Barbara Howland, Miriam Barstow and Helen Vincent.

Sunday was Peace Day. In the afternoon, at a meeting under the auspices of the Christian Women's Peace Movement, Mrs. H. W. Peabody talked about what women can do to promote peace, and Dr. Erdman read *The Iron Cross*, by James C. Alvord, the story which won the hundred-dollar prize offered by the Movement; while the evening brought Dr. C.

E. Jefferson's magnificent address on "Foreign Missions and World Peace." It had a ring of olden prophets as it passed from rebuke to challenge and from the shame of the church in failing to banish war to her glory in sending out foreign missionaries, "God's ordained peacemakers who show by their lives that God has made of one all the nations of the earth."

No less than thirty-eight missionaries representing five hundred and sixteen years of service were present at the missionary rally, besides sixteen student volunteers. The veteran was Mrs. John Scudder, who has been with the Arcot Mission, South India, for fifty-four years.

Among the missionary addresses of the week one of the most telling was that of Miss Laura M. White, who made the need of helpful literature for Chinese women and children so real that many listeners signed pledges promising to give the cost of one book or the subscription to one magazine; while some wrote checks of fifty dollars, the amount necessary to publish a book in Chinese. This movement to give literature with Christian ideals to the women of the Orient is one in which several Boards are beginning to co-operate. Other union enterprises which received attention at this conference were the new Ginling College at Nanking, described by Mrs. Frederic Mead of Plainfield, N. J., whose daughter is a member of the faculty; and the medical training school to be located at Vellore, North Arcot, and to be affiliated with the new Union Woman's College in Madras. Dr. Ida Scudder explained the necessity for training native women physicians and the need of a fund of \$300,000 for this undertaking, which is too big for any one denomination to carry on alone. Dr. Scudder was one of the most striking personalities of the week, since she unites beauty of face and figure and charm of manner to all the other qualities one expects of a missionary physician. The evening when the Murdock sisters spoke from the auditorium platform made a deep impression. These three young women from Hwai Yen, one hundred and fifty miles north of Nanking, make a remarkable trio, for one is a physician, one a nurse and one an evangelist. Another visitor from China, of whom mention must be made, is Miss Phoebe Stone, the dainty little Chinese girl, sister of the noted Dr. Mary Stone of Kiukiang, who is here to study medicine.

Of the beautiful services of prayer on Round Top and elsewhere, of the inspiring music furnished by a great choir of camp girls, under direction of Miss Elsie Hand, of the friendships so quickly made, so closely knit in a week because of the sharing of experiences which touched



The Spirit of Northfield, the Maiden Desire and Hope

the depths of the soul, one may not speak here. All these help to make the "Spirit of Northfield" vital and enduring.

Instead of stunts and field sports the young women undertook this year to interpret this spirit visibly in a sort of pageant out on the green lawn. The maiden Desire came out of the woods, blinded by self and unable to find the way of life. But Hope appears in a robe of golden light, removes the bandage from her eyes and shows her a rainbow vision of the virtues which make up the Northfield spirit. Faith, Humility, Truth, Love, Joy and Service were enacted by groups from the different camps, and finally the climax is reached when the Spirit of Northfield is personified and comes forward to take the hand of Desire and gives her the power to carry this spirit through life. Our Miss Calder represented the Spirit of Northfield, and the demonstration was arranged by Miss Kyle Adams, of New York, who took the part of Hope.

A. L. B.

A member of Aloha Camp writes of her week at Northfield:—

From early morning, through all of the day, our hearts and minds were being filled with the great truths of God's teaching. Imagine yourself in a great pine grove at seven o'clock in the morning. Through the trees one after another they come, until a hundred girls have gathered together for morning prayers. Out there in that quiet peacefulness of God's out-of-doors our hearts could not help being thrilled with the wonder and greatness of His truths as brought before us.

Along the Highway in India

By Mary Warren Capen

HOW shall I in the space of a letter tell you of the most important experiences during the months we spent in India, with all its odd customs! With the often recurring welcome of decorating us with garlands of flowers or Christmas ropes of rice and tinsel or even gold thread—a welcome which we could understand without an interpreter and which made us feel both important and humble,—the traveling in all sorts of conveyances and at all hours of the night, hours for meals and work very different, and evening services beginning at 8.30 or 8.45 p. m., we were certain we were not in our native land. If so much was strange, we could adapt ourselves to these minor matters more comfortably than to the poverty, ignorance and sin so evident almost everywhere.

It was in Bombay that we saw our first Hindu temple and refuge for pilgrims combined, carried on as an act of piety by a widow, Zankibai. The approach to it is not attractive nor clean, and even inside a bottle of smelling salts might be a help to one with a keen sense of smell. As a favor we were allowed to look into the enclosure where the sacred cows are kept, but our entrance would have defiled it. The pilgrims in all stages of dress and cleanliness, or, rather, the lack of these, made our hearts heavy for them in their ignorance.

Such a delight as it was to turn from this to the home and school for the "blindies," as the children whom Miss Millard has gathered together



Two Schoolgirls in the Marathi Mission

in "really truly" Love Lane are affectionately called. Wouldn't the tears start to your eyes when you read the motto painted on the walls of the schoolroom, "And they shall see His face," or saw the little waifs just received, and then the happiness on the faces of the older ones, some of whom are pupil teachers? You would wish to spend some time there watching the boys and girls at their lessons, their calisthenics, and their industries, and, before leaving, to buy for yourself and friends a few bead necklaces that they had made.

A dormitory in India is easy to sweep, for every day the beds, which are comfortable, are rolled up in small compass or taken outside to sun, and a small box answers for bureau and trunk. A kitchen is just as different from ours as are the sleeping rooms. At our high school in



Some of Our Hostesses in India

Bombay we watched the girls making bread. The grain is ground in a stone mill by hand, the flour brushed up and mixed with water and then patted out flat and cooked on a hot stone or metal plate over a native stove. This is made of cement, with round holes in the top for cooking, and in the sides for putting in the fuel, some kinds not being agreeable to describe. This flat wheat cake is very popular with the natives and palatable even to our taste.

I wish you could see for yourself the contrasts that thrust themselves upon one's notice in clothes, ways of living and faces. The children clad in their birth attire or with perhaps a necklace, a toe ring or a

woolen hood, the Moslem women on the street enveloped from head to foot in a garment with just two peep-holes, the soiled or scanty clothes of the lower castes and the dainty shimmering silks and laces of the wealthy Parsi women, offer no greater contrasts than we saw between the hovels not fit for an animal and the beautiful villas and mosques, between the faces of ignorance and sin seen in street and temple and the bright faces illuminated by Christ's love in the mission schools and churches.

At Ahmednagar I stayed in the doctor's bungalow "Wellesley," which gives every Wellesley girl a feeling of partnership in the medical work. Several times I attended the morning dispensary at the hospital. After the opening exercises of singing, Bible reading and prayer, the Bible woman gives a talk, which is listened to with varying intelligence. One day Hoffman's picture of Christ and the Rich Young Ruler was passed around and the Bible woman emphasized the goodness of Jesus as a teacher, for the priests are not good. Then, one by one, the patients come to see the doctor, giving a card stating name, age, etc. One little, shriveled woman that I thought was well on toward eighty presented a card saying, "thirty-five years." No one but myself seemed astonished, but it

was my first experience with the premature aging of women in India. Some cases needed more careful examination behind a screen, and perhaps later an operation.

The patients come from many classes, ignorant country women, Moslem women coming in *tongas* with curtains to screen them from sight by man, naked children, and women with much jewelry, some coming regularly for treatment. Three times a day all the patients that are able line up on the broad veranda for meals. The high-caste cook soon trains them



Waiting for the Doctor

to hold up their hands or a tin plate to catch the flat bread and hot relish that she tosses to them, for she will not have her caste defiled by contact with them, and she reigns supreme in her kitchen,—without entrance even by the doctors. It is amazing the number of patients that have been treated in the last ten years, an average of nearly 40,000 a year. It shows that suffering women and children certainly need the Christianity and science of such a hospital.

One of the very rewarding experiences was our trip to a village station, Vadala, where we spent twenty-four hours. You know in India nine tenths of the people live in villages, for the cities are not many and no one would wish to live unprotected in the country, so they huddle together and go out to their fields as far as is necessary. It was beautiful to see the attitude of friendliness of the Hindus as well as Christians toward these missionaries. The outcastes live in miserable huts outside the village, but the gray mud houses of the well-to-do, with storerooms, family and animals in close quarters, did not strike us as palatial. Really why should the house be large, when so much of the life is carried on in public? The barber squats in the narrow lane for his work, as do also his customers, and that is only one example. Yet it is from these little villages that some of the finest men and women have come who are scattered widely now over Western India. We went to one small school and church, with only a roof and three sides, that had sent out seventy-five of these Christian workers. Everything we had read or heard about India helped us in recognizing or understanding what we saw. By one roadside we saw a "death mother," a little cart with goddess and attendant that is made at an outbreak of cholera and kindly escorted by the people with offerings over the boundary to another village, hoping that the cholera will be transferred also.

It will be impossible for me to tell you of our trip through Northern India, where we saw some of the favorite tourist sights and spent several days in Benares, that holiest of cities to the orthodox Hindu. The ignorance, filth and immorality that are inseparable from this religion are almost unbelievable, and made us sick in mind and spirit. This feeling was relieved only by learning of the good work being carried on by missionaries even under such discouraging conditions. In addition, our visit to schools and churches of other mission boards served as a hopeful comparison and appraisal of our own work.

In Southern India we found a people with darker skins, speaking an entirely different language, Tamil, and with elements of demon worship

blended with their religion. We saw in Madura the famous temple of Meenarchi,—fortunately in cool weather when the odors are less offensive,—and another and small temple dedicated to the demoness of smallpox, and what else do you suppose?—of children,—decorated with hundreds of little clay images which had been offered with the petitions for a child. A temple festival that we attended with its crowds, sacred elephants and gaudy car to take the goddess to ride, impressed us as a combination of bazaar, fraud and fanaticism. Just one instance of the last; it is an act of piety to roll yourself around the two-mile circuit of temple and rock,



Bathers at Benares

and we saw one of these rollers lying in the road with strength enough left to beg from us.

It was a relief to turn to our various schools for boys and girls. Our visit was shortly before Christmas, and we were bidden to the closing exercises of our Hindu schools in Madura, when the children receive prizes and Christmas gifts. They were simple gifts, dolls for the girls,—but one little boy wished one,—sewing bags, bean bags, scrapbooks, pencils and other things, and it required careful spending to have enough to remember everyone. We understood little of the recitations, but enjoyed watching the children, dressed in their gay colors, who looked when they salaamed as if a flower garden were nodding in the breeze.

We attended a Sunday morning service at Capron Hall, one of our Meccas, where seven girls and three women united with the church. Some of the graduates we met, and among them one grandmother and a few others whose faces brightened when they heard we too knew and honored Mrs. Capron. The kindergarten with its familiar songs and games carried us home again. You never visited, I am sure, a school where there was greater democracy. In the same circle there were children from comfortable homes and those from off the streets, who needed the bath and decent clothes, given on arrival, their rags waiting outside



Two of the Deputation Enjoying an Elephant Ride in Madura Compound

for use on dismissal. However, if I should tell you of all the schools and classes we visited, you would think we did little else.

One more thing before I write of Ceylon. In visiting Dr. Parker's hospital, we felt keenly, as we did in Ahmednagar, the suffering and poverty of the women. The dispensary is modern, but it would take a saint or a missionary to accomplish so much with such a worn-out hospital building. We longed to have one as well equipped as that for men almost opposite, which was a gift from the Hindus. Many of the patients are too poor to pay even the smallest coin, a fraction of a cent! And a private room costs four cents a day! In one of these we met a dancing girl whose Brahman owner collects money from his friends for the hospital out of gratitude. On hearing that some of us represented the Woman's Board, this woman asked Dr. Parker to say that, "It is by your



Where the Girls Recite at Uduvil

charity that I am here." To far and unexpected quarters the mission work is felt!

Now we will go on to Jaffna, Ceylon, and you are spared the many hours that we had to travel. The people are Tamil as in Madura, self-reliant, eager for education and accustomed to sacrifice. It made us ashamed of our little self-denials when we heard what the Christians give who receive, as a rule, from \$4 to \$7 a month for the support of a family not affected by race suicide! The graduates of the Uduvil Girls' School, who have undertaken to raise 25,000 rupees, about \$8,000, have pledged themselves proportionately to more than we at home give in supplying the balance. Nowhere did we find brighter faces than in this school. The "old woman who lived in a shoe" suffered some perplexity with the number of children, but not the fear of losing the government grant as our missionaries here do, if new buildings are not built soon to relieve the unhygienic crowding. Several things surprise one on a trip like ours; one is, how small a sum is sent from the mission boards for these various schools and hospitals. Besides the salaries of the missionaries,

the people and government pay the entire cost of the Uduvil school, and yet we take great pride in it as the first for girls in all Asia. The same rooms serve as school-room by day and as dormitory by night, and the overcrowding is unhealthy even then. The scholarship has not been lowered, however, and many non-Christian parents choose to subject their daughters to the physical discomforts, rather than to the dangerous and immoral influence of the neighboring Hindu school, even with its far better building.

It has been possible to mention only a few of the many experiences that have filled every day. The desperate need of Hinduism as it is lived in India, some of the ways that it is being met, and many of our workers, both American and native, are very real to me now. If they seem more vivid to you, after reading this epistle,—almost apostolic in length,—I shall be glad that I have given you these glimpses of India.



Mother-nurses at Inuvil
Graduates of Uduvil School

The foregoing article is the first of the series to appear in LIFE AND LIGHT, as supplementary material for *The King's Highway*. It is written by the daughter of the late honored president of the American Board, Dr. S. B. Capen, who was herself a member of the Deputation party. Other articles to appear in succeeding numbers are *Making Paths for the King in China*, by Miss Clara Bodman of Northampton, also a member of the party; *Concerning Korea*, by Dr. William E. Strong, Editorial Secretary of the American Board, one of the Deputation; *Japanese Christians at Work in Korea*, by Dr. James H. Pettee, the senior member of the Japan Mission, and several others by missionaries of different countries.—*The Editor*.

Visiting an Armenian Village

By Isabelle Harley

This account was received from Miss Harley in June and shows conditions still existing in the Harpoot field, but not true in these days of some other parts of Turkey.—*The Editor.*

I WONDER if you would not like to take a trip with me to a village. I like to go and I think you too would enjoy the experience. It is Sunday morning and we will go to a near-by village, Kesrik. We need not start as early as we would if we were going to a village farther away. It is only an hour's ride and if we canter our horses some of the way we can go in three quarters. So if you like we will attend the Sunday school service in our own school and then we will go.

A glance into our large hall here in Harpoot will reveal to you that there are more than schoolgirls present. This is the first time that it has happened so. Usually only our schoolgirls meet here but since school has been closed for the rest of the year many of them have gone home. The church is not available for services now. It is occupied by a great many strange, sick people. Since the girls remaining in the school are so few in number, and since the church people have no place of worship, we have invited them to hold the Sunday school service in our building. So on this morning there are young and old people present. On the platform you will see our good pastor, Badville (Rev.) Vartan. He is a tower of strength to the people at all times, but especially now when conditions are hard to bear. After a song, a prayer and a few remarks by way of opening exercises, the congregation will be divided into classes. Among the teachers you will recognize missionary faces and natives. The lesson over, the classes will come together again for the summing up of the lesson by Badville Vartan, and then with a song and a prayer the school will be dismissed. For the afternoon service the Protestants will meet in the Gregorian church by invitation. Is it not fine that there is a feeling of friendliness among the Gregorians toward their Protestant brothers and sisters? It was not so a few years ago. Of course it must be known that the Protestants were Gregorians at one time but have been led out into a fuller light of the truth. For that reason the Gregorians have not felt very kindly toward the Protestant form of Christianity. But now when all find themselves launched into sorrow of many kinds there is a coming together of all in a



Miss Harley

spirit of friendliness and sympathy. The Protestants are only too glad to accept the invitation of their Gregorian friends. It is an opportunity to show their good will.

It is now half-past nine and the horses are ready and waiting at the gate for us. With Bibles and hymn books and a few pictures for the children in a bag to hang on the saddle our paraphernalia is complete. It is a beautiful ride down the hill. The plain like a large piece of green and brown patchwork lies before us. The green squares show the wheat fields doing their best and the brown the ploughed fields where as yet no seed has sprung up. Beyond are the mountains, the highest of which are still capped with snow, showing that winter has not long passed. We must



Preparing Fuel for the Winter, in a Village, Harpoot Field

enjoy the green all we can, for soon when the sun grows hotter the green will be changed to brown and then we will long for a bit of freshness. When we reach the foot of the hill we will crosscut on the road which takes us very near the fields.

The village to which we are going lies before us all the time. The ride is so pleasant, the air is so fresh and clear that we enjoy it very much, and before we know it we have reached the outskirts of the village. A few children are playing by the roadside, but they stop to look at the strange people passing on horseback. They are not at all like the people they

know in the village. They will perhaps follow us to see where we are going and then they will run and give word that some foreigners have arrived. We wind our way in and out of the streets until we come to the home of the Bible woman. Several men step up to take our horses for us and we go into the house. The door is low and if you are tall like me you will have to stoop. It is the first time you and I have been here, but Miss Mattoon, the touring missionary, who is with us on this occasion, has been here many times, so Pompish Badaskhan is very glad to see her for she feels that she knows her, and glad to see us because we are missionaries and friends of Miss Mattoon. As we step inside the door we find ourselves in a dark passageway. Coming in from the light it is almost impossible to see where we are going, but Pompish Badaskhan leads us to a short flight of stairs and we go up. It is little lighter upstairs, but then we are becoming more accustomed to the darkness. At the top of the stairs we enter a room. Earthen floor and mud plaster walls it has. There is no window, but a small hole in the roof through which a ray of light comes, making a light spot on the floor but scattering little light into the room. The room is divided into two parts by a low fence. On one side of the fence in a corner is a raised earthen platform which has a hole in it. This is the stove. Fuel is put into it and the cooking is done on top. A few earthen jars, wooden spoons and copper cooking pots form the kitchen furnishings. On the other side of the fence a carpet or two is spread upon the floor and on these along two sides of the wall some cushions. Our hostess with true hospitality invites us to sit down on these. You will find it rather hard the first time, but do not mind, you will become more or less accustomed to it in time. In another corner of the room is a pile of something covered with a cloth. These are the beds which are nothing more than thick quilts. At night they are spread on the floor and in the daytime folded and put in a pile. That makes only one room necessary for living, you see.

As soon as we are seated the neighbors begin to come in. Here comes an old lady wearing baggy trousers called *shalvars*. Her head and face, all but nose and eyes, are tied up in a dark colored handkerchief called a *yasmah*. She comes and stands in front of each of us and extending her hand and then touching it to her chin and forehead by way of salutation says, "You have come in peace." We must salute in the same way and say, "We see you in peace." Then she sits down on the floor and after seated, salutes all in the room in the same way, not repeating the verbal part of the salutation to each one separately but to all collectively.

Here comes a young girl and how badly her eyes look! Yes, one of them has already lost its sight and the other one looks as if the sight would go soon unless it receives immediate attention. Alas! she is not the only one in the village who is to be found in the same pitiful condition. And here comes a woman with a baby only three months old. Its only clothes is a short, dark colored dress, and its little feet are bare and cold, while its head is tied up like an old woman's. A sweet little thing it is, but oh, so pitiful! The mother wonders why it cries so much and why it takes cold. We tell her that the baby should have more clothes on and that it is most important to keep his feet warm. But that is not her custom and she thinks it queer that we should give such advice as that. The baby does not look very well and we wonder if the little thing can possibly live to grow up.

Others come in dressed in the village costume of *shalvars*, padded coat tucked in at the waist, which is bound around with a wide girdle. An apron of either blue or red puts the finishing touch on. They all want to know the news and something about us all. Their minds are full of present-day distresses, and it is good to be able to turn their thoughts Godward and give them a bit of help and consolation.

It has been decided that there should be two meetings, one for the women and one for the children. The room seems very small and we wonder where the meetings are to be held. We well know that the church is being used for a dwelling place for the many strangers who are flocking into all the surrounding villages, so of course church services cannot be held there. The women's meeting will be held in this room, but where will the children's service be? Word is quickly sent to another house and permission asked to have it there. "Yes," comes the answer back. The house is on the other side of the village. It is a better house than the first one. The room to which we go has three windows. There is a lot of fresh air too, for the windows have been removed and are hanging on the wall. But we will not mind the fresh air, in fact we shall be very glad for it for the room is small, and as the floor is earthen there is considerable dust flying when forty or more people are in it, although the carpets were taken up and shaken before we came. The children begin to come. Each one leaves her shoes at the door as she enters and salutes us before sitting down. One girl asks if some women standing outside may come in. We tell her that the women's meeting will be much more interesting for them, for this is to be distinctively a children's meeting. They say they do not want to go there as it is on the other side of the village and they will have to pass through the market place to get there. This is a very disagreeable

thing to them, especially if there are a lot of men sitting around. Let us give permission for them to come in, for it would be better than not to have them go at all.

All listen very quietly as one of us talks about Jesus, the light of the world. They have heard about Jesus before because the children go to the village school and the teacher is one of the girls from the missionary college. She has told them many times about Him, but Jesus as a light to shine in their hearts so that they too may be lights is a way of putting the truth which they have not heard before. A ray of sunlight shining on a mirror and casting a light spot on the dark wall makes the lesson very clear to them. Before the missionary has finished all eyes are bright with interest, and one woman says in an undertone, "Pay attention. Listen hard to what she is saying."

When the service is over they thank us most cordially for coming and urge us to come again and often. The children escort us back to the Bible woman's house where we learn that the women had had a good meeting and have asked Miss Mattoon all kinds of questions about God and his works. Some of the things happening in the world to-day are very hard for them to understand.

Let us go now to see one of our former schoolgirls. She is married and her husband has gone off to serve his country. It is this worry which has caused her sickness. Again we have difficulty in finding our way up the stairs for this house is as dark as the Bible woman's. A mattress on the floor forms her bed and the stiff pillow under her head does not look very comfortable. On the other side of the room hangs a small hammock. This is a cradle and in it lies sleeping her little baby. Its face is covered up in true native fashion. It makes the baby sleep better you know to cover his face, even if the cloth is dark colored and thick and not always clean. If he fusses, the hammock is swung by means of a string until he goes to sleep again. The sick mother is glad to see us and asks about her teachers and friends in school. Our presence gives her something besides her troubles to think about and that is a good thing for her.

It is not much, we think, as we journey homeward, that we have been able to do, but there is a feeling of joy that we have at least directed the thoughts of these villagers toward the One and only One from whom they can receive the help they need so much. In the midst of their distress they lose sight of Him, and even doubt his love. As you think about these people will you not continue to pray for them that the Light may come in greater measure into their hearts filling them with the joy and peace which you and I know?

Board of the Pacific

A new hospital is claiming much attention these days. "If the building is enclosed this fall, so that the finishing can be done through the winter, we must try to be satisfied," writes Dr. Tallmon.

Notes from
Lintsing, China.

And to this she adds sincere thanks to those who have supplied the money and have seen that it is on hand, so that there will be no delay on that account.

"When at home, I told you of the official who had promised to help toward a new building. He has already collected and paid over to Mr. Ellis between five and six hundred dollars Mexican. Our new customs official, a man who knows much about the church, is proposing to give several hundred dollars a year toward the running expenses."

A recent trip to Tehchow just as Dr. and Mrs. Tucker were rejoicing in the opening of their new hospital was no small event to Dr. Tallmon. These colleagues to whom she must turn in any emergency are now farther from Lintsing than they were when in the village of Pang Chuang, which makes the matter of providing equipment and an adequate staff for Lintsing even more vital in importance.

A Glimpse of Micronesia

By Louise E. Wilson

Miss Wilson lives in Berkeley, still unable to return to the Island people she loves.

WANY are asking the question, "Have you had any news from Micronesia? We hear so little from there these days."

I am very sorry that we have not heard more, but when I tell you the regular steamer stopped running as soon as the war began, you will see that it is not strange that the letters have been few and far between. Miss Hoppin has been waiting for fully a year for a chance to get to Kusaie with some ten Gilbert Island girls to place them in the girls' school, and then return herself to America. I know it has been a long time of weary waiting for her, stranded at Jaluit, Marshall Islands, a low flat island with very little growing on it,—the only shade being a few cocoanut trees scattered here and there. The glare of the hot sun shining on the white sand and coral rocks with the ocean surrounding them does not make a cool, inviting picture. The redeeming feature is that she has been kept busy, a sure cure for lonesomeness and homesickness, if there

is not too much to do so as to wear one out in body and in mind. She has probably been the only white woman there, and I know has been called upon at all hours of the day and night to visit and minister to the sick, to lead prayer meetings, to help others prepare their speeches or sermons; and has stayed up many a night until midnight to advise and untangle family quarrels and other difficulties. This much for outsiders, while of course time must be given to the girls with her. Lessons must be taught, much thought must be given as to how food can be provided in the cheapest possible way and how to make it last, for Jaluit is anything but a land of plenty. O, there are hundreds of things to do, and only one to do them! This would be the case even if the natives took only the time during the day and the evenings were her own, which is not the case. Remember there is no gas, no electricity, and perhaps only a little flickering light from a piece of candle wicking, floating in some coconut oil from the neck of a bottle. Under such circumstances, do you think you could write much and have it ready for a chance steamer when it happened to come along? We hope now to have Miss Hoppin with us before very long, and I want to assure you that she, as well as I, appreciates all the different friends have done and the letters they have written.

A few days ago I received a letter from Mrs. Woodward from the Gilbert Islands. They hope to reach home in September. Many of you remember that as Miss Wells she went out to Kusaie in the latter part of 1909. Persuaded that the people in the Gilbert Islands needed the help and love she could give them, about a year later she left Kusaie for the low coral islands, where there are only thirty-two kinds of anything growing. This includes the smallest weed and the tallest coconut tree, and of these I can think of only three that bear anything eatable: the coconut, pandanus and a coarse taro root. The hardest part to me was the changeableness of the water. It was often very brackish, which was accounted for by the rising and falling of the tide. How good pure, clean water will taste to them when they get where there is some! But we can almost forget these things when we see the need of the people, hungry and thirsty for the Bread and the Water of Life. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward started work in Apaiang, where Dr. and Mrs. Bingham first began so many years ago. Letters from my girls tell me how these young missionaries have endeared themselves to the people and how successful their work has been. And now they with their two little sons, Gordon and Leonard, are looking forward to their much needed vacation. Mrs.

Woodward writes very encouragingly of the work, telling little incidents which bring the different persons and places before my mind. She says, "We saw Lobi at Maiana. The work there is growing, but on Tarawa the growth is a joy. Mote is doing splendidly." Many of you have heard of Mote. As a small boy he went to school in Kusaie. He grew up and married, and was assistant teacher to Mr. Channon in the Gilbert Island Training School, before it disbanded. He has been the "right-hand man" to the missionaries in the Gilbert Islands the past five years—one of the very bright but faithful ones. We so often find that brightness and faithfulness do not go hand in hand.

How many of you, I wonder, remember Teria, the girl abused by her father and heathen relatives, who tried to prevent her from going back to Kusaie some years ago? While they thought they were keeping a close watch over her, she evaded them, and escaped in the middle of the night, and got back to the Morning Star which was at anchor at Nonouite. This mail brought me the news of her death from tuberculosis. Dear girl, I am glad for her sake that she is at rest, for her life has not been a very happy one, with a husband who was not always true to her and their children; but her happiness was found in being faithful, and I am sure the crown of Life is hers.

Lord God, whom all the hosts of heaven with eager speed obey,
Lord God, with whom a thousand years are as a fleeting day,
Thou sendest us another dawn. The gates of morning lift,
With smiting flash of lightning and with rolling thunder drift.
The ancient idols totter, and the age long slumbers break;
The while, by pangs of travail, the nations newborn wake.
O Christ, who once in Galilee, came walking o'er the wave,
Be strong to still this tumult, be swift to rule the wave!
Bless him who in the darkness gropes,—be with the hearts that cry
In agony and weariness, for help from Thee, Most High!
Beneath thy cross may turmoil cease—O Prince of Peace, divine,
O Sun, that hath no setting, make haste,—arise and shine.

—Ex.

A Wider View

Relief Work in Paris.

The American Church in Paris is helping in every way it can in the relief of the sick and poor in the city and out of it. It is able to pass on many gifts which the donors hardly know how to place. Every gift the church sends goes marked, "Loving is Giving and Giving is Life." Some of the gifts are layettes for new babies; little children's clothes, for both boys and girls; plain jackets and chemises, such as the peasant women wear; soldier outfits; pillows for the wounded on the trains; hospital supplies; clothing for convalescents. And it makes, as a gift, "all the robes worn at the last by those who die at the American Ambulance—long white robes of soft muslin, on each of which is sewed a cross of violet silk.—*The Missionary Review.*

The Bible in Russia.

The Holy Synod at Petrograd has been busily engaged in the work of producing popular editions of the Bible. These are being widely distributed by the Orthodox Church among soldiers on the battlefield as well as to the sick and wounded. Various Russian Red Cross Aid Associations are including Bibles and Testaments in their parcels of "comforts" for troops at the front, and as the available stock of the British and Foreign Bible Society has become exhausted, the Holy Synod is undertaking the work of printing fresh editions. In theory the Orthodox Church has always given her children free access to the Bible; in practice her system has allowed ignorance and superstition to crowd Bible reading, let alone Bible instruction, out of the life of the average pious Russian. Should this wave of enthusiasm for the propagation of the Holy Scriptures prove more than a passing phase, we may look forward to a revival of intelligent religious instruction in Russia.—*Exchange.*

Alcohol Banished from Iceland.

"Te Deum" is being sung in Iceland over the mighty moral victory in the Anti-Drink Campaign through the prohibition law which was passed in the Althing, or Parliament, on September 10, 1913, and was brought into force on January 1, this year. Now, no intoxicating liquors may be sold in Iceland unless prescribed by a qualified medical man. This great and grand victory has not been won in a day; it has been a battle of seventy years' standing. The year 1842 marked the first stand taken to oppose the evil influences of Bacchus. The ablest scholars, students and

young men of that period were, almost without exception, going to the moles and the bats through the abuse of alcohol. The common people, too, followed hard after their example, and morality had reached an awful pitch. Awakening to the fact that the little nation was going headlong to ruin, a few of the students in Copenhagen University and Reykjavik Higher Grade Latin School joined hands, resolving to abstain from drink and encourage others "to go and do likewise."

An Epoch for India.

In the annual report of the Kashmir Medical Mission Dr. A. Neve says this year "marks an epoch from which everything will date afresh." He writes:—

"It is certainly an epoch for India, so many of whose gallant princes and troops are in the firing line. In future, things cannot be the same. . . . The spirit in which we English now meet our Indian fellow subjects is that of co-operation, and should lead to closer friendships in future when the men come back who have been fighting our battles in Europe, and experiencing English hospitality."

Appeal from Indian Villages.

The following letter, received by a missionary in South India, is typical of the mass movements toward Christianity.

"Sir: We have been idolaters in accordance with our ancient custom. Now we have understood that there is no use in such worship, and have, therefore, resolved to turn to Christ. There is no mission working in this region. The Roman Catholics have visited us, but we have heard that there are some defects in their religion. We are farmers. We are very desirous of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. We, therefore, beg you to come to us and to preach to us (the helpless children of the devil) the Good Tidings, and turn us to the way of salvation. Hoping you will send us a comforting promise. Signed by or on behalf of all the adult inhabitants of Ponnamanda."

Protection for Chinese Slave Girls.

Canton has forbidden slavery, and any slave girl who applies to the police is received and educated. Those who can see are sent to the "Government School for Rescued Slave Girls," and at the urgent request of the former chief of police, Mr. Chan King Wah, the blind girls of the singing class were committed to the care of missionaries. A temporary mat shed was provided by the government for their shelter until a new permanent building was recently completed. This is known as the "Ching Sam" school, and was built with money contributed by a wealthy Chinese gentleman.—*Spirit of Missions.*

Our Field Correspondents

Miss Stella M. Cook writes from Ponasang, Foochow, China:—

This last week I have been packing and getting ready to go away for the summer. As Miss Ward and I have no duties except language study we plan to go to Kuliang early. We are to be such a happy family this summer. Miss Blanchard, Miss Strang, Miss Brown and Miss Ward and I are all to be in one house. I am looking forward to the housekeeping the first two weeks, for then we will have an opportunity to try our Chinese on the servants and there won't be anyone to appreciate our funny mistakes. A day or two ago I took accounts with the cook just for practice and was very much surprised to find that I really understood the most that he said.

After Miss Garretson went home on furlough, I moved over with Miss Brown, and now I have a suite of rooms. It has been such fun furnishing them! Much more than at home for you can design your own furniture and watch with interest to see how some of your original ideas work out. Building and furnishing houses has always been one of my hobbies and now it has opportunity for full development. The interest is heightened by the fact that you have to be alert all of the time or you will get cheated. It is a sort of a game, and the interest runs high to see who will come out first. I always delighted in games and consequently get much enjoyment from the otherwise unpleasant side of this.

I wish I had more to tell you about the school and girls from personal experience and contact with them. Although I live under the same roof I really see very little of them. As yet my knowledge of the language is so small and my vocabulary so limited that I cannot carry on a conversation, and the girls are so shy that they will not take the lead; consequently we do not know each other as I wish we did. However, Miss Perkins said I might have the care of the girls' health next year, and I am trusting this will give me a point of contact. I always enjoyed the same privilege in boarding school and often found it the means of entrance into girls' lives otherwise closed.

Miss Dornblaser has related many interesting little experiences she has had during the year and I want to tell one or two to you. At a business meeting of the Junior Christian Endeavor the different girls gave reports of the work their committees had done, and the little chairman of the Cleanliness Committee gave the following: "We spoke to a couple of

girls whose rooms were out of order and told Bo Ing when her hair was not tidy and it has been sleek ever since." (Little Bo Ing was sitting in the audience.) "Please pray for us. The work is very hard and the girls don't like you when you tell them these things."

At another meeting of the Junior Christian Endeavor the meeting was on the early churches, and like the Ephesians they decided to remove some of their temptations by burning them. So each girl wrote on a piece of paper some sin in her life that she wanted to get rid of. Then Katherine Ling prepared a fire basket, gathered up the slips of paper and after reading them burned them in the basket. Previous to the meeting there had been a little petty thieving in the school and one of the slips contained the confession. Nothing has been missed since the burning of the slips of paper. I don't know whether I have told you before about "my church" or not. I go to Ha-bo-ga with three of the schoolgirls and two of the women from the Bible school. I call it "my church" because I am the only foreigner who attends. The first Sunday I went I thought that never before in my life had I heard such singing. Although I never do sing I decided I would not be left out of that medley for worlds. Each one had his own key, his own tune and his own time. But now I feel quite at home and imagine my voice blends splendidly with the others, and after all it isn't so bad when you get used to it. Now, I don't even see the weekly washing of the pastor's family which hangs on the line in the church gallery. But if you should go with me for a Sunday you could not help seeing the eager faces of the little girls as they arise to greet me when I enter the church, or the cordial welcome of the older women either. I have many plans for the women and children of "my church" as soon as I can talk. As you go for your worship on Sunday morning, please remember us in our little church on the public highway, where the people going home from market with their fish and vegetables drop in to hear the singing, or a laborer stops to rest.

Mrs. John J. Banninga, of Pasumalai, India, describes an afternoon of work, accompanied by the Bible woman, Nacharammal, as follows:—

Starting out in the blazing sun at half-past two is only bearable when one thinks that it will not get any hotter and that the return journey will really be delightful. The little village of Velachari has several distinct caste streets. This afternoon we wished to see the potter caste women first, so we wound in and out of narrow lanes, where pottery in different stages from the earth and water mixture to the ones that were burned,

could be seen. Only the very simplest earth pottery is made here, but it is the kind that is used by many poor people who cannot afford the brass or the aluminum pots. The girls and women were ready to recite their lessons so we were asked to sit in a thatched shed in which a number of earthen pots were stored. The pupils are so afraid of ridicule that they do not ask us into their homes. The potters have a reputation for dullness, but, fortunately, a few of the men have studied enough to realize that their women too should learn a little. It is up-hill work for them for there are continual interruptions to fill special orders.

After hearing a half dozen women and girls stumble through their lessons, some with most pathetic earnestness and desire, we left the potter section and crossed a stream a rod wide to get to the Brahman quarters. The water in the channel was about two feet deep and flowing rapidly, so the Bible woman who was with me in the carriage kept calling out to the horse keeper who led the horse to beware of holes. I had been through with the carriage before so knew there was no danger and we had no difficulty in reaching the other side.

Nine Brahman girls had collected on the front veranda of a small house. A straw mat was hung up to screen us from the street. To get into such a tiny twelve by four feet veranda with a class of girls and several babies, besides a pretty good sized Bible woman, was quite a problem. However, we managed very well. The mothers came and sat on some steps at one side of the veranda. They refuse to study but listen while their daughters recite. So many of them are heavy hearted. Among that little group one woman had a very stingy husband, another has no children and her husband has taken a second wife, a third has money difficulties, while a fourth has trouble in regard to her daughter's marriage. The burdens many of these women have to carry in performing endless ceremonies too are very great. The class consisted of girls from nine to fifteen years of age. All are betrothed and so not allowed to attend the little mission boys' school in the village. They were very fond of songs which the Bible woman had taught them. These songs contained many of the Bible stories. To hear them sing "Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all" with great enthusiasm, makes me wonder what the Brahman men and women near by think about it all. When the dolls were distributed as prizes, the delight of the children knew no bounds. None of them had possessed one before. The loving way in which they handled them was very sweet.

Before returning home I visited the boys' school where the teacher

and his wife, with a baby in her arms, and forty-two boys and girls were waiting to see me although it was six o'clock. They gave me such a hearty welcome. Several of them had gone home at recess to don their bright turbans and jackets when they heard I had come to the village and would, most likely, see them before leaving. One's heart goes out in love to the eager little fellows, and rejoice that this "bread which is cast upon the waters" will return even after many days, to bless the famished souls of India.

The Bible woman preferred to walk home on the banks of the rice fields even though there was risk of falling into the water, rather than go with me along the narrow road on the edge of the channel. I felt a bit shaky myself at times when a deep rut made it necessary to drive very near the edge, and I hoped the horse would not think it a good time to misbehave. A mile of this brought me to the beautiful highway, and the moon added to the pleasant drive of a mile and a half to Pasumalai, tired but happy with the result of the day's work.

Mrs. Cora Keith Warren writes from Arima, Japan, May 26, 1915:—

Did I tell you the church Ladies' Aid was arranging a Garden Party, to be held on the Mission Compound the week before we came away? It was fine weather, and everything went smoothly, and they made nearly sixty *yen*, which for Miyazaki is fine success. The non-Christian people all expressed great pleasure in it, and hope we will do it again. Our strawberry bed was at its best, and we sold twice as many berries as we have taken off of it any other single day. I also made ice cream, of which we could have sold much more if I had had the freezers to make it in. And then they asked if I could serve "foreign" food. We set tables out in the yard, and sent the food from the kitchen—sixty-five servings. But we are all very happy over the results.

The day before the Garden Party the Christian Blind School held its first graduation. I thought it was very interesting that the institution which stands definitely for Christian service should have been privileged to hold its graduating exercises in the public girls' high school, with the girls' school principal presiding and the people who stand for an interest in education and public welfare, in attendance. It is pretty raw material that Mr. Sekimoto gets and some of the twelve pupils were pretty new, but the contrast between them and the three who received diplomas was very suggestive of what he accomplishes.

A Missionary's Wife in Japan

By Elizabeth Pettee Tenny

Miss Pettee married the Rev. Charles Tenny of the Baptist Mission and resides in Tokyo, Japan.

“What sort of a life do missionaries' wives live anyway? Do they do street preaching and hold revival meetings? Oh! we could never do that kind of thing! How different the wife of a foreign missionary must be from us!”

Because I've had these things said so many times to me by ladies of the American churches I am writing a confidential letter to tell you what we wives are doing to help bring in God's Kingdom. I often think we are more fortunate than our sisters, wives of business men in America, for so much of our husbands' work lies in the home and we can enter so loyally and fully into it, while you give your husbands up hours every day to account books, business transactions and machines, which mean nothing to you but a means of livelihood. Our husbands and we, together with them, work for human beings, and watch and aid in the development of human lives.

First and foremost among our duties is keeping the members of the family in the best possible physical, mental and spiritual condition; we must cheer up the missionaries when things go wrong in the native church, when members of the faculty or student body of the mission school do things they shouldn't, when the Christians at home fail to send the money needed to keep this chapel open, or that Bible teacher at work, and various other conditions too numerous to mention here. We must try to keep the family and ourselves growing in mental power when there is no public library, watch against the bad water supply and the poor drainage, brace up ourselves and all the family in the muggy, rainy season or the hot season of this bad climate, and so on indefinitely.

Next we keep our homes always ready to entertain, for Japanese may call any time between seven in the morning and bedtime, so the parlor must always be neat and tea ready to serve at a moment's notice. When these callers come we drop whatever we are doing, and make them feel that we as Christians want very much to talk to them at that particular time, show them pictures of America and (as we know them better) talk more intimately of their heart life. It takes some love to describe American elevators and skyscrapers in the parlor when the fruit for the year's supply of jelly has just arrived in the kitchen! Then there are the people who come in to meals with us, and most of us do a great deal of enter-

taining in that way. We invite Japanese with whom we are getting acquainted, the Christians, our fellow workers, and American or English friends. This means planning so a missionary's salary will cover all the dinners without too close a margin. This in turn means studying what the local market will produce as substitutes for the imported things that seem more like home but cost more. A milk sauce dresses a cheap Japanese vegetable so it really tastes quite American! Fortunately labor is so cheap here that it is not hard even for a missionary's salary to compass some one to wash dishes, build the fires,—or even do the cooking and chamber work,—thus leaving the missionary's wife free to entertain and help the Japanese as no one else can. In case the cook is new at foreign cooking, it means translating receipts, teaching the fundamentals of using an oven or a fireless cooker, etc. It taxes one's ingenuity to translate a receipt when one only has three quarters of the ingredients and can't get some at all; and it takes some guessing on our part when the cook uses such words as "banira,"—that being an English word of course we are supposed to understand it readily! Would you recognize "vanilla" in that guise?

If there are children in the home we must make up to them for the American playmates they do not have, be their teacher in some of their lessons, in all, if we do not live in one of the very few places where there are schools for American children. Of course there is all the sewing, too, but here again we are fortunate, for hiring it done is comparatively cheap.

Then there are countless opportunities for teaching English, music and American cooking and sewing, and so getting in touch with people and interesting them in Christianity. There are also many chances to teach Bible classes, help in the Sunday schools and women's meetings and church sociables, for the more we use our homes for these things the closer we get to the people and the more we help them.

You will see by this that our work centers, as yours does, in the home, but our task is to show what a Christian home is to men and women who have grown up in homes not founded on mutual love,—who indeed have no word in their language for home as we of a Christian civilization know it,—that they too may want and make for themselves a love-filled, Christ-filled home. Just as you are trying to make your homes the best possible, so we are doing, and a Christian home in a non-Christian land is like a beacon light on a hill. Pray that our lights may burn brightly, and please do your share on the financial side so that together we may bring His Kingdom to this and all lands.

Our Work at Home

AROUND THE COUNCIL TABLE WITH OUR PRESIDENT

“Let the Lower Lights Be Burning”

A textbook on missions is a light. Call it not a candle—that is too dim if more poetical. Call it an electric light. Light dispels darkness, knowledge dispels ignorance. There are brilliant arc lights rising high above our heads, stationed at needed points and shedding their rays far and wide. There are brilliant lights in the moral and religious world—social reformers, political purifiers, philanthropists, industrial peacemakers, preachers, missionaries,—and the rays of their influence are penetrating the dimness. Let them burn and glow while our hearts thank God and sustain their power by our prayers—but, what else?

Set the Lights Aglow in the Churches.

The big lights are not enough. Not every church can boast of one. They may be shining far away from the old church home. The churches are full of the rank and file of God's people. Among them there still prevails darkness in some quarters and but a dim light anywhere, as to an intelligent, progressive knowledge of missions. Unbounded need of lower lights to be set a-shining! Who is there to touch the button? Who knows the value of knowledge? Who has caught the vision of Christ's glory already unfolding in hundreds of mission fields? Who has attended a summer conference for mission study? Who is a faithful worker among the women and children? What young woman or young man is fresh from a study class at college? What Sunday school superintendent says, “I have long believed in missionary education!” A true case, if rare! What pastor is alive to his opportunities for realizing the ideal, “Every church a missionary church”? Anyone who answers “Here!” to such questions may set a lower light to burning.

“Let there be light,” was purposed in the beginning, “and there was light.” Let it now be earnestly purposed that the churches be full of knowledge about the wonderful workings of Christ's rising Kingdom, and knowledge will run hither and yon through all the church body even as rays of light once ran at the Creator's bidding to fill all the spaces.

The Coming Revival in the Church will be born of Missionary Knowledge.

Many voices tell us this. The age demands facts as a basis for action. Enthusiasm will be kindled by the facts which missionary history, past

and present, can furnish in almost unlimited profusion. An enthusiastic church, all pulsating with eager life, reaching out to redeem the world, shining with steady and ever increasing power! O, the intoxicating vision! 'Tis a long, long way to the vision? That may be—who knows? *This we do know, that each one of us may help shorten the road.*

A Commonplace Conclusion.

Therefore, dear friends about the table, let us come back into the church life, this fall, thinking about these lower lights and how many more we can start a-burning. Let us have in mind possibilities such as, —more women owning and reading the textbook, *The King's Highway*, than ever used a textbook before. Two—three—four small group study classes for men and women, using the inspiring book by Dr. Arthur J. Brown, *Rising Churches in Non-Christian Lands*, or, for young women, Margaret Burton's *Comrades in Service*.

Definite missionary instruction in the Sunday school, every department. Send to the Board for helps. Girls in their 'teens—that auspicious age—formed into some sort of a missionary organization. Children—babies—there are ways to start them in the road to knowledge.

You will be getting others to help you turn on the lights and you will find some unexpectedly ready people. Why? God is with us preparing the way, for this is his business first of all, and we are only helpers to him.

M. L. D.

A Missionary Society

Meets regularly at least once a month;
 Interests each member by subdividing the work;
 Sends regular reports to the Branch;
 Studies best methods of other societies;
 Interests outsiders so that they join;
 Opens its meetings promptly, and with prayer;
 Never allows the meetings to get into a rut;
 Always makes all possible use of maps, pictures,
 etc.;
 Raises missionary money through systematic
 giving,—
 Yes, this and much more does this Society do.

President, Miss Faithful.

An Omissionary Society

Often omits the regular society meeting;
 Makes no plans for the year's work;
 Is always late in beginning its meetings;
 Sends no reports to the Branch;
 Seeks for no new members;
 Introduces no new features into its program;
 Omits the devotional service;
 Never sends to the Board for new literature;
 Arouses no interest in missions;
 Refuses to give systematically to missions,—
 Yes, this and much more this Society does *not*.

President, Miss Do Little.

— *Ex.*

Ways of Working

An Emergency Supper

By a Treasurer

The officers of the First Church Auxiliary in —, meeting last fall to consider plans for the work of the coming winter, felt a little dubious as to the amount of the annual contribution to be collected in the following spring.

The auxiliary had been gaining strength for some years. Its membership had been raised by an Every Woman Canvass each fall from ninety-seven members in 1911, to two hundred and twenty-four in May, 1914. The contributions had increased in the same time from \$258.25 to \$428.85, in spite of the fact that a definite required fee was no longer expected as a condition of membership.

But last fall the business depression was heavy in the manufacturing town of New England where we belong. Men were out of work, families were economizing, the war cloud hung uncertainly over enterprise, and people were emptying purses, fat and lean, to help feed Belgium or to bring succor to the wounded of the various armies. From the rooms of the Board came rumors of an anxious outlook ahead. In our own auxiliary the scattering contributions of summer and early fall, which always dribble in before the annual collection in the spring, looked very thin and inadequate to the treasurer. One group of four women, for instance, who had given us sixteen dollars in the previous summer had only sent in nine dollars in the summer just past. The question *would* ask itself, "Can we maintain our standard of contributions in the coming spring?" We answered, "*We can! How shall we do it?*"

Two things we felt necessary,—first, to make the members of the society realize the need; second, to make definite our request for aid.

Eight or ten of our members gladly agreed to give money for a supper to the society in November, inviting all by postcard, with the careful statement on the card that there would be no charge for the supper and that no collection would be taken. A self-sacrificing committee purchased and provided the food. We added to the list of guests the new members whom we always secure in the fall by calling on newcomers in the church and congregation.

We invited the Rev. Dr. Jones, formerly of Madura, India, to take supper with us, and to give us a greeting at the table after supper, re-

lieving his masculine isolation by the presence of our pastor also. We invited men and women of our own and other churches in the evening at eight o'clock, to listen to an address by Dr. Jones, so making the occasion notable.

But we had no intention of allowing the supper to pass as a mere social matter without especial point. It was a good thing to greet each other, so many of us; it was a better thing to realize the potential power of so large a number of women from our church. But no opportunity could have been more friendly for the statement which was to be made.

After Dr. Jones had given his kindly greeting, a little suggestion of fresh air before the address met a response from our two men guests, and then for ten minutes our treasurer had things all her own way in that happy atmosphere.

She took the society into her confidence, urged the special need with what power she could command, and then said that, realizing the difficulties which might prevent some of us from giving as we had been in the habit of doing, the executive committee had decided to ask all who could do so to *increase* their contributions in the spring by one fifth of what they had given the year before; that is, that we were asking those who had given ten cents to give twelve cents, those who had given ten dollars to give twelve dollars, and so throughout the list.

That was all, and we passed from the table to the audience room to hear Dr. Jones' address. But our treasurer had had a hearing.

In the spring when the annual collection was made, the following statement was enclosed in each envelope sent to old members (not, of course, to the newcomers.)

THE WOMEN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST

STATEMENT

To meet a threatened decrease in the Annual Contribution of our Society, owing partly to the financial depression of the past year, and perhaps also to the call for help of many unusual and bitter needs, it was suggested at the Missionary Supper in November, with the approval of the Executive Committee, that those members of the Society who felt able to increase their annual gift would loyally respond to a request for extra aid.

To make the request definite it is asked that each one of us who can do so will this year *increase* her contribution of last year by *one fifth* of the amount she then gave, that so, in this difficult time, our work may not lose ground.

Yours very truly,

Treasurer.

When the envelopes were opened and the money counted, we found that some members had been unable to give, that others had not enlarged their gifts, but that there had been so generous a response from those who could help that the sum received was the largest in the history of the society, and was \$91.25 more than the contributions of the previous year, amounting (in 1915) to \$520.10.

This method, of course, could not be used repeatedly, but it was valuable in tiding us over a difficult year. It seemed to the treasurer that the definiteness of the request was a large element in the success of the plan.

The King's Highway

By Laura Scherer Copenhaver

*Tune: "God of our fathers, Whose Almighty Hand," found in
Worship and Service (Century Co.)*

Heralds of Christ who bear the King's commands,
Immortal tidings in your mortal hands,
Pass on and carry swift the news ye bring,
Make straight, make straight the Highway of the King.

Through desert ways, dark fen and deep morass,
Through jungles, sluggish seas and mountain pass,
Build ye the Road, and falter not, nor stay,
Prepare across the earth the King's Highway.

Where once the twisting trail in darkness wound
Let marching feet and joyous song resound,
Where burn the funeral pyres and censers swing,
Make straight, make straight the Highway of the King.

Lord, give us faith and strength the Road to build,
To see the promise of the day fulfilled
When war shall be no more and strife shall cease
Upon the Highway of the Prince of Peace.

*Written for Mrs. Montgomery, and sung frequently at Northfield,
July 8 to 15, 1915.*

Junior Department

A Lookout's Autobiography

The Junior Lookout whose story this is loved boys and girls, and she can hardly remember the time when the missionary cause was not dear to her heart. So it is not strange that for her the road to service first led straight into the Junior Christian Endeavor Society. Of course the missionary training and teaching of the children had a large place in her scheme of work. But the road did not end here, it led right on through Senior Christian Endeavor or Sunday school missionary committees and mission study classes, until one day, much to her amazement, she found herself in charge of the Woman's Auxiliary of Foreign Missions. Taking up the new work she could never quite forget the old, and in leisure moments took many a pleasant stroll back over the road she had come. When her Sunday school class was made the missionary committee of the Junior Society the monthly missionary meeting fell to her care as a matter of course. *Daysprings* frequently distributed strengthened the interest; dialogues and monologues in costume, curios and pictures delighted the children; mite boxes for the May Festival offerings gave an outlet for their interest.

When she followed her girls into the Senior Society the charge of the missionary meeting often came her way, as well as the chance to provide the leader with missionary literature on the topic at other times. A list of good missionary books was hung on the wall of the room. A mission study class, one half hour in length, held on four consecutive Sundays before the regular C. E. meeting, was another way of creating interest in things missionary.

In the Sunday school one or two short talks on China and a few hints to the primary superintendent resulted in raising \$5 for medical work in China, and the formation of a cradle roll among the babies.

At just what point in this journey the title of Junior Lookout was conferred upon her the Lookout herself does not remember. She only knows that knowledge of the sustaining strength and authority of the Woman's Board back of her was a very great help and incentive in carrying on the work she just couldn't help doing anyway. But another thing was necessary before truly effective and constructive work could be done. It was not enough for the Woman's Board to realize the need of the children for

missionary training, nor yet for a few members of the auxiliary to feel it. The whole church needed to be aroused to its duty in this direction. So at last a Church Missionary Committee was formed, composed of one member from every organization in the church that ought to be studying missions, and the way was opened for aggressive plans. This Lookout tried to think in terms of missions and not of home and foreign missions. Since she had never been able to find where the one left off and the other began she must be a Lookout for the home field as well as the foreign. A Program of Home Mission Study was planned for the fall months and of Foreign for the spring months, with a number of weeks intermission or vacation between the two. These included the whole church so far as possible. For the young people the plan was as follows: The Junior Society being in good hands was left to itself. The Senior Society were glad of missionary literature; and a number of the members rehearsed for the "Spirit of Motherhood," which was given with much success on three different occasions. At the rehearsals stories were told of the work in the different lands the girls were to represent, and pictures shown, so a great deal of information was gained in a perfectly natural way. These girls and others also assisted in the programs of the woman's study class meetings in various ways, and it proved an excellent means of bringing us into closer touch with each other.

A special evening was arranged for the young people, with a missionary speaker, interesting Korean costumes and pictures and refreshments. This was well attended and much enjoyed. Later the C. E. girls met one evening and prepared postcards for this same speaker, in whose work they had become interested, and the story of Ann of Ava was partly read, partly told,—opening up new vistas of thought for some of them. Another year we hope to form this group of girls into a Daughters of the Covenant Society, an organization which this Lookout's church has never had.

The primary Sunday school superintendent was given an Indian Village with its accompanying stories, and used it with good results. Later when the foreign program was being carried out she came into the women's study class and was able to get a good deal of information which she used later in her department work.

The main Sunday school, including all classes except the primary and men's class, presented the greatest problem. The words "missionary" and "missionary meeting" have come to stand to our boys and girls and to many of the men and women too, for something interesting, not to be

missed, and we wished to preserve and strengthen this feeling. Since even the best things become hackneyed by too constant repetition we decided to confine our work to ten-minute exercises on four consecutive Sundays, followed by a stereopticon lecture on a week night. In the fall, the home work with the Indian as topic was presented, and in the spring the foreign, the program being based on the *The Child in the Midst*. Thus the charm of novelty aided us and the children had something to look forward to. That they did enjoy the plan thoroughly the Lookout had convincing evidence both from their words and their perfectly splendid attention. Gifts for a Christmas box at Santee were given in the fall, and \$5 raised by means of the red coin strips* supplied by the Woman's Board in the spring.

The two groups of talks were designed largely to stimulate interest so that the boys and girls would read for themselves. Good books for the purpose were suggested and a number were purchased and handed around among the classes. Everyone who read a book was given a badge and enrolled on the Sunday School Reading Circle. A card bearing the names was hung in a conspicuous place and many were the consultations held around it. About fifty people read books on the Indian and the reading is still going on. Envelopes of pictures were passed among the classes, and copies of *Here and There Stories* and *Everyland* distributed during the year.

The Lookout feels that the work has been very satisfactory so far as it has gone. At least a foundation has been laid for broader and better work in the future. Because of the interest created among the teachers, doubtless the classes can be utilized another year in carrying out the work as it was not possible to do this year. In closing, the Lookout wishes to say that she does not forget failure and disappointment, lack of interest and many another obstacle mingled with successes. She tries to remember always that this is not her work but the Master's, and that he sees not only what she *did* but what she *tried* to do. And so she rests content.

* Contained in the sets of material on village school work in India for Sunday school use.

Our interest in missions is a mark of our Christian character; our knowledge of missions is the measure of our Christian attainment; our participation in missions is the measure of our Christian efficiency.—Hamilton C. Mabie.

Our Book Table

We are fortunate this month in having the opinion of an expert, Dr. J. P. Jones, so long a member of the Madura Mission, in the accompanying book review.—*The Editor.*

Modern Religious Movements in India. By J. N. Farquhar. Published by MacMillan Co., New York.

This book is an expansion of the writer's Lamson course of lectures delivered at Hartford Theological Seminary in 1913. It is by far the best book on the subject, and possesses much intrinsic merit and unique value to anyone who would know that great land of the East, with its marvelous throbbing life and movement of world-wide significance. India is a seething cauldron of conflicting thought and sentiment,—ultra conservative and radical, ancient and modern, traditional and rational,—all seeking, in a thousand ways, attention, acceptance and advocacy. That ancient land is eminently the "melting pot" of the East, out of which is to issue forth a type of manhood, of thought and of religious sentiment and life which are to affect singularly the future history of our race.

Mr. Farquhar has rendered valuable service to the world by describing so accurately and fully the present unrest of India in all that pertains to her religious life and thought. The only criticism that I would offer is upon the burdensome detail and minutiae with which he has loaded the book. It is too exhaustive, and, to many readers, will be exhausting. He has ferreted out and dignified with prominence esoteric vagaries of unknown hamlets, which are mere ripples on the ocean of Indian thought and life, and are therefore of little significance. These have been placed at the side of movements which are country wide and momentous in their bearing upon the future destiny of the country.

Moreover, one can hardly see that a consideration of universal education, fine arts, music and poetry in India is very germane or pertinent to a study of the religious movements, save as it may be claimed that all departments of research and life have a definite bearing upon faith among that very religious people. Nevertheless, this excess of detail is but the obverse of the book's striking excellence of thoroughness, which is characteristic of all Mr. Farquhar's work.

The contents of the book is as follows:—

I.—Historical Outline. II.—Movements Favoring Serious Reform. III.—Reform Checked by Defence of the Old Faiths. IV.—Full Defence

of the Old Religions. V.—Religious Nationalism. VI.—Social Reform and Service. VII.—Significance of the Movements.

The value of this book is revealed :—

1. In the thorough exposition and analysis which it gives of the religious unrest of that wonderful people as it bears upon their future life and destiny in the world. It renders articulate the thousand-tongued aspiration of a people that is dissatisfied with its past faith.

2. In enabling us to realize, in part, India's right to be called "The Mother of Religions," and the people to be recognized as the most religious upon earth. There is no type of religious thought and no expression of religious life which has not its votaries, defenders and promoters there.

3. By showing that there is no other country where the ancestral faith or faiths of the people are subjected to greater strain and change and attack and opposition under the strange modern conditions of life which exist there.

4. In emphasizing the fact that no land shows greater evidence than India of the transforming, regenerative influence of the religion of Jesus upon the deepest currents and sentiments of the life of the people.

It is a large book of 472 pages, well printed and finely illustrated. It is written for the student and professor, and, withal, has power to attract and interest the ordinary reader. It is the choicest volume available to bring one into close touch with the present day trend of life and thought in that great land.

J. P. J.

Why Do We Need Missionary Literature?

1. Because the task Jesus left us to do is like the building of a great house; we must have tools to work with.

Literature is "tools in type."

2. Because the hearts of the people are like gardens and the world is sowing it with many worthless things; we must scatter kingdom seeds if we want kingdom fruits.

Literature is good seed which will bear fruit.

3. Because our world task is so large, so interlaced with the most important affairs among the nations, that a perspective must be furnished the people to lift up their eyes and behold the magnitude of God's programme.

Literature is a telescope for our restricted eyes to behold the plan of God.—Outlook of Missions.

Woman's Board of Missions

Receipts July 1-31, 1915

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer

MAINE.

<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. Gertrude Denio, Treas., 347 Hammond St., Bangor. Bar Harbor, Woman's Miss. Soc., 5; Stockton Springs, Ch. 1,	6 00
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Miss Annie F. Bailey, Treas., 132 Chadwick St., Portland. Farmington, Aux., 8; Gorham, Aux., 25; Madison, Aux., 15; Portland, State St. Ch., Eve. Guild, 10, West Ch., 7, Woodfords Ch., Aux., 29.03, S. S., 5.20; Skowhegan, Island Ave. Ch., Aux., 7; Vassalboro, M. B., 10, Westbrook Ch., 7.74, Aux., 10.32, Cov. Dau., 16,	150 29

Total,

156 29

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. W. L. Fickett, Treas., 120 North St., Concord. Int. S. W. Kendall Fund, 235; A Daughter in Mem. of her Mother, 48; Atkinson, Aux., 20; Durham, Ch., 30; Gilsium, Orthodox Ch., 2.25; Keene, Aux., 13.51, Court St. Ch., Aux. (with prev. contri. to const. L. M. Mrs. Sarah A. Bragg), 20; Kensington, Ch., 2.70; Manchester, South Main St. Ch., 40; Portsmouth, Aux., 25,	442 46
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MASSACHUSETTS.

Friend, 500; Friend, 250,	750 00
<i>Andover and Woburn Branch.</i> —Mrs. Henry A. Smith, Treas., 12 Belmont St., Lowell. Winchester, First Ch., Children's Miss. Soc.,	23 00
<i>Barnstable Association.</i> —Miss Carrie E. Mitchell, Treas., South Dennis. Yarmouth, Jr. C. E. Soc.,	3 00
<i>Berkshire Branch.</i> —Miss Mabel A. Rice, Treas., 118 Bradford St., Pittsfield. Lee, Senior Aux.,	10 00
<i>Essex North Branch.</i> —Mrs. Emily Eastman, Treas., Ward Hill. Haverhill, Centre Ch.,	36 00
<i>Essex South Branch.</i> —Miss Daisy Raymond, Treas., 120 Balch St., Beverly. Beverly, Dane St. Ch., C. R., 10; Essex, Dau. of Cov., 20; Lynn, Central Ch., Aux., 30.08,	60 08
<i>Franklin County Branch.</i> —Miss J. Kate Oakman, Treas., 473 Main St., Greenfield. East Northfield, Mrs. M. L. Houghton,	15 00
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mark McCully, Treas., 115 Warren Ave., Mattapan. Friend, 5; Braintree, First Ch., Aux., M. H. K., 15; Cohasset, Miss Louise C. Tower, 2, Second Ch., 7.82; Plymouth, Prim. Cl. S. S., 12 50; Sharon, Prim. Dept. S. S., 1.12, Helping Hand M. B., 5; Stoughton, Aux., 4; Whitman, Ch., 13 37,	65 81
<i>North Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas., Littleton Common. Concord, C. E. Soc., 10; Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 5; North Leominster, Aux., 10,	25 00
<i>Old Colony Branch.</i> —Mrs. Howard Lothrop, Treas., 3320 No. Main St., Fall River. Assonet, Morning Star Band, 9.81; Fairhaven, First Ch., Woman's Miss. Guild, 14. S. S., 2.56; Fall River, W. F. M. S., 110; Middleboro, Aux., 100; New Bedford, North Ch., S. S., 3.24; Rehoboth, Jr. Aux., 10; Taunton, Winslow Ch., 10,	259 61

<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas., 1078 Worthington St., Springfield. Holyoke, Second Ch., Women's Guild, 50, The Airinsha, 10, C. R., 6.37; Longmeadow, First Ch., 36.47; North Wilbraham, Grace Union Ch., Aux., 2, S. S., 3; Palmer, Second Ch., 12, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Springfield, First Ch., The Gleaners, 15, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, Memorial Ch., S. S., 23; West Springfield, First Ch., 13.38,	180 22
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<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Mrs. Frank G. Cook, Treas., 44 Garden St., Cambridge. Friend, 100; Boston, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., in mem. Mrs. G. H. Washburn, 2, Old South Ch., Aux., Friend, 250; Boston, East, Baker Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Boston, South, Phillips Chapel, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Brighton, Aux., 75, Pro Christo Club, 20, Searchlight Club, 7.50; Cambridge, First Ch., Aux., 322.58, Pilgrim Ch., 24.31, C. R., 5.52, Little Pilgrims M. C., 10; Dorchester, Second Ch., Aux., 77.21, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5, S. S., 25.51, Village Ch., Aux., 7.50, C. E. Soc., 5; Everett, First Ch., Woman's Union, 82; Hyde Park, Aux. (C. R., 4.61), 20; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., C. R., 10; Mansfield, S. S., Prim. Dept., 10; Neponset, Trinity Ch., Stone Aux., 5; Newton, Eliot Ch., Woman's Assoc., 175, North Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Newton Centre, First Ch., Aux., 102.50, C. R. and Prim. Dept. S. S., 30.75; Newton, West, Second Ch., Aux., 105.60, C. R., 15.55, Red Bank Soc., 20; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss Mary Thompson), 25, Highland Ch., Aux., 70, Imm.-Walnut Ave. Ch., For. Dept. (add'l Len. Off.), 8), 27; Somerville, Broadway Ch., Aux., Friend, 60, Highland Ch., Women Workers, 20; Walpole, Miss. Union, 61.60; Waltham, Aux., 25, C. R., 21.34; Waverley, Ch., 15.46,	1,847 93
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<i>Worcester County Branch.</i> —Miss Sara T. Southwick, Treas., 144 Pleasant St., Worcester. Ashburnham, Ch. (Ladies' M. C., 10), 12.75; Grafton, World Wide Club, 5, Good Shepherd Club, 3; South Royalton, Friend, 5; Ware, Aux., 136.10; Whitinsville, Aux., 1,026.42, Light Bearers, 12,	1,202 27
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Total,

4,477 92

LEGACY.

<i>Beverly.</i> —Miss Sarah Warner Clark, by Joseph C. Kilham, Edward S. Webber, Extrs.,	1,250 00
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RHODE ISLAND.

<i>Peace Dale.</i> —Ch. Friend,	100 00
<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Miss Grace P. Chapin, Treas., 150 Meeting St., Providence. Barrington, Bayside Gleaners, 70; East Providence, Newman Ch., Helping Hand Soc., 22; Pawtucket, Park Place Ch., C. E. Soc., 10, Prim. Dept. S. S., 8; Peace Dale, C. R., 7.37; Providence, Parkside Chapel, S. S. Cl., 3, People's Ch., Aux., 10, Pilgrim Ch., Laurie Guild, 30, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 19,	179 37

Total,

279 37

CONNECTICUT.

<i>Eastern Connecticut Branch.</i> —Miss Anna C. Learned, Treas., 255 Hempstead St., New London. Preston City, Aux.,	10 00
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. Sidney W. Clark, Treas., 40 Willard St., Hartford. Int. Clara E. Hillyer Fund, 212.50; Int. Julia W. Jewell Fund, 67.50; Berlin, C. R., 7, S. S., Prim. Dept., 2; Bristol, Mrs. Blakesley, 50; Buckingham, Aux., 21.50; Burnside, Aux., 11; Enfield, Aux., 52; Farmington, S. S. Cl., 1; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., 150, Centre Ch., S. S. Jr. Dept., 2.20, Fourth Ch., Dau. of Cov., 25; Hockanum, 5; Manchester, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10; Newington, Aux., 21, The Misses Belden, 10; Plainville, S. S., 5; Rockville, Aux., 40; South Manchester, Aux., 50; Suffield, F. M. S., 33; Talcottville, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Windsor, Aux., 40,	820 70
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Edith Woolsey, Treas., 250 Church St., New Haven. Friend, 250; Friend, 200; Friend, 130; Friend, 100; Friend, 25; Friend in mem. of Catherine T. Sterling, 100; Bridgeport, Park St. Ch., Aux., 15, Fullerton Mem. Cir., 100; Cromwell, Aux., 5; Harvinton, Ch., 4.50; Higganum, S. S. Prim. Dept., 4.71; Naugatuck, Miss Alice Stillson, 10,	944 21
Total,	1,774 91

NEW YORK.

<i>New York State Branch.</i> —Mrs. F. M. Turner, Treas., 646 St. Mark's Ave., Brooklyn. Seneca Falls, Memorial Ch., 7.43; Walton, First Ch., S. S. C. R., 5,	12 43
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PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

<i>Philadelphia Branch.</i> —Miss Martha N. Hooper, Treas., The Victoria, 14th and Clifton Sts., Washington, D. C. D. C., Washington, First Ch. (125 of wh. to const. L. M. Mrs. Lovilla J. Gehr, Mrs. Laura H. Hodges, Mrs. Sarah N. East-	
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Woman's Board for the Pacific

Receipts for June, 1915

MRS. W. W. FERRIER, Treasurer, 2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.

<i>Northern California Branch.</i> —Mrs. A. W. Moore, Treas., 421 Pacific Ave., Oakland. Berkeley, Bethany, 60 cents, First, Gift, Mrs. W. R. Thorsen, 200; Bowles, 1.13; Cloverdale, 4; Fowler, Armenian, 2.10; Fresno, First, 22.50; Lodi, 15.67; Martinez, 3.20; Niles, 2.45; Oakland, First, 70, Pilgrim, Cradle Roll, 8.66, Plymouth, 9.07, Myrtle St., 7.50; Petaluma, 16; Personal gift, 650; Sacramento, 4.07; Tulare, 5,	1,021 95
<i>Southern California Branch.</i> —Miss Emily M. Barrett, Treas., 178 Center St., Pasadena. Glendale, 5; Long Beach, 30; Los Angeles, Berean, 5, Colegrove S. S., 15, Plymouth, 1, Salem, 4.50, Vernon, 10; Monrovia, 10; Pasadena, First, 40, K. T. B. Class, 10, Mrs. Day's Class, 2.50, West Side, Mrs. Atkinson's Class, 6; Pomona, Estate of Hannah E. Jones, 500; San Diego, First, 35; Santa Ana, 10; Saticoy, Junior C. E. Soc., 4,	688 00

man, Miss Emily S. Huntington, Miss Kate T. Gary), 175, Miss. Club, 130; Fla., Sanford, 8.50; N. J., Bound Brook, Aux., 63.50; East Orange, First Ch., 65; Newark, Belleville Ave. Ch., Y. W. Aux., 18.50; Orange Valley, Y. W. M. S., 25; Plainfield, Aux., 65.30; Westfield, Aux., 89, S. S., 10; through Treas. W. H. M. U. of Fla., St. Petersburg Aux., 6,	675 80
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OHIO.

<i>Springfield.</i> —Miss Sarah Frantz,	10 00
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CALIFORNIA.

<i>San Diego.</i> —Miss Susan E. Thatcher,	30 00
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TURKEY.

<i>Mardin.</i> —Women of Mardin Field,	8 80
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CHINA.

<i>Paoting-fu.</i> —Women's C. E. Soc., and Chinese Friends,	5 00
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Donations,	\$7,164 90
Buildings,	688 08
Specials,	20 00
Legacies,	1,250 00

Total, \$9,122 98

TOTAL FROM OCT. 18, 1914 TO JULY 31, 1915.

Donations,	\$101,518 01
Buildings,	31,126 55
Specials,	2,084 33
Legacies,	16,100 65

Total, \$150,829 54

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY GIFT.

Previously acknowledged,	\$112,536 20
Receipts of the month,	688 08

Total, \$113,224 28

OREGON.

<i>Oregon Branch.</i> —Mrs. A. L. Cake, Treas., 421 West Park Ave., Portland. Ashland, 5; Forest Grove, 25; Hillsboro, 10; Laurelwood, 2.50; Portland, Cradle Roll, 50 cents, Aux., 65.03; Ranier, 3; Sunny-side, 24.08; University Park, 1.80,	136 91
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WASHINGTON.

<i>Washington Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. J. Kennedy, Treas., 4135 12th Ave. N. E., Seattle. Aberdeen, 5; Everett, S. S., 5; North Yakima, 11; Seattle, Pilgrim, 155, Plymouth, Woman's Assn., 30, Juniors, 15; Spokane, Corbin Park C. E., 10, Pilgrim, S. S., 15, Plymouth, 20, Westminster, 17.50; Sylvan, 5; Tacoma, East, 5, First, 122.75; Walla Walla, 250,	666 28
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Total, \$2,513 14

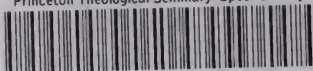
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